

66.
A
L E T T E R

F R O M

HENRY WOODWARD,

C O M E D I A N,

The M E A N E S T *of all Characters;*

(See INSPECTOR, No. 524.)

T O

Dr. J O H N H I L L,

INSPECTOR-GENERAL of *Great-Britain*,

The G R E A T E S T *of all Characters;*

(See all the INSPECTORS.)

I do remember an Apothecary—————

————— *whom late I noted*

In tatter'd Weeds—————

Culling of Simples.—————

S H A K E S P E A R.

The T H I R D E D I T I O N.

Printed for M. COOPER, in *Pater-noster-row*.

(Price Sixpence.)

—————
M.DCC.LII.



A
L E T T E R

F R O M

HENRY WOODWARD, &c.

S I R,

WAS I, in this present Address to your Inspectorship, to make Use of all the Scurrility our copious Language affords, you have furnish'd me with a sufficient Apology. I am, you say, *the meanest of all Characters*——If that therefore is true, to speak with *Indecency* wou'd be to speak with *Propriety*; and to write in your *own Stile*, wou'd be to come down to the Denomination which your *Generosity, Charity, and Veracity* have united to bestow on me.——But I owe too much Deference and Respect to my Readers to blot my Paper with such Epithets as you use to *Others*, or deserve *Yourself*.

THO' the Public may be in the Dark, concerning the Motive of your personal Malice to me, I am full well aware of it. — We have been Rivals, Mr. *Inspector*, and my Success has excited in you all the Rage of a disappointed *Jealousy*. — It has been mention'd in a late Weekly Paper, and with Truth too, that the first Efforts of your universal Genius were to excel in *Pantomime*. I set out (I assure you I am not proud of mentioning it) with the same Biass of Inclination, tho' with a very different Reception: In a Word, 'twas the same Public, which encourag'd and supported me, that despis'd and discountenanc'd Dr. *Hill*.

BUT I shall not confine my theatrical Superiority merely to *Harlequin Entertainments*; — We have both been Comedians, dear Doctor; and here, by the Way, give me Leave to animadvert upon your unkind Behaviour to Mr. *Cross* the Prompter, whose Character is blameless among his Neighbours, and to whom you are under the triple Obligation, as Preceptor, Patron and Friend. — You may remember (if you have not too much *Wit* to recollect any Thing to your Disadvantage) the extraordinary Pains he took with you in the Part of *Oroonoko*, tho' (if you please to remember again) to very little Purpose; and afterwards finding
you

you incapable of the *Hero*, or the *Lover*, he good-natur'dly recommended the inferior Character of *Blandford* to your Inspection: The *Honesty*, *Humanity* and *Friendship* of which Character, you cou'd by no Means feel, or enter into, with the least Propriety, or Appearance of Probability; —Add to this, that the Lay-Preacher of every sober *Saturday* might have remember'd Mr. *Cross's* Beneficence, in charitably bestowing on Him the fourteenth or fifteenth Part of his Benefit. Your cotemporary Hero, Mr. *Marr*, has also Reason for his Anger at your unbrotherly Ingratitude to him, that there appears not in any of your Papers, relative to the Stage, one single Stroke of Panegyric on him;—and yet there was a Time, when at the celebrated Theatre of *May Fair* he represented *Altamont*, and the *Great Inspector* attempted *Lothario*; and the polite Audience of that Place all choruss'd and agreed with you, when you dying, said,——“ O *Altamont!* *thy Genius* “ *is the stronger!*”

THAT you might leave no Part in the theatrical Empire unattempted, but might have the singular Fate of being damn'd in all; you was not content with your Trial in *Pantomime* and *Tragedy*, but must venture on *Comedy* likewise. Can I forget, great

Sir, your acting *Constant*, in the *Provok'd Wife*, and your *innocent* Rape of Mrs. *Woffington*; when, in a certain Passage, where, at least, a *seeming* Manliness was necessary, you handled her so awkwardly, that she join'd the Audience in laughing at you;—yet, after all this public Disgrace, you cou'd dare to advertise for a Wife, tho' 'twas plain you cou'd not counterfeit a Passion, and was a Fumbler even at Appearances.

I cannot conclude the Catalogue of your theatrical Attempts, or rather Miscarriages, without exhibiting you to the Public, in the Character of the Reverend *Botanist* in *ROMEO* and *JULIET*—which you play'd at the little Theatre in the *Hay-Market*, under the Direction of Mr. *Theophilus Cibber*,

“ *O mickle is the powerful Grace that lies*
 “ *In Plants, Herbs, Stones, and their true*
 “ *Qualities.*”

Alas! Neither You or I thought at that Time, by your unfeeling Manner of delivering the above Lines, that you wou'd have been *really* the Thing you feign'd so ill;—and that your Studies wou'd have redounded so much to the Good of your Country, by the
 incredible,

incredible, nay, uncredited Discoveries you have since made in *Moss, Mites, Cabbage-Leaves, Cherry-Stones, Stinking Oysters, and, Cockle-Shells.*

Some ill-natur'd Critics, I remember, observ'd your theatrical Talents were misemploy'd, and suppos'd it wou'd have been more advantageous to yourself, and entertaining to the Public, if you had shewn them the *Starv'd Apothecary* in the same Play.—Now don't imagine, my dearest Friend, this trifling Circumstance is introduc'd for the Sake of my Motto,—but to be sure

——— *I do remember an Apothecary,*
 who *whilom* did reside in a small Shop, or rather Shed, in *St. Martin's-Lane*; *whilom* in a smaller at *Westminster*; who *whilom* did remove thence to the *Savoy*,——and *whilom* did remove thence to the Country, *culling of Simples*;——and who afterwards did make such a *Cull* of the Master of *Chelsea* Gardens, and did so *cull* in those Gardens, that he never could get himself into them more; and what is worse, could never get his Name out of the Books belonging to the same. But what is all this, you will say, to you?——What has a Gentleman to do with such Matters as these?
 ———Why, faith, Sir, I do believe that

no Gentleman ever had to do with such Matters as these: Yet still——*I do remember an Apothecary*; and what is more, I believe every one else will henceforth be wickedly inclin'd to remember the same, in whatsoever Shape he shall think fit to appear.——If indeed after this he shall think fit to appear at all. But now, dear Doctor——I had almost said dear Harlequin,——I ask your Pardon——suppose even you yourself had *descended* from the Stage into the Apothecary's Shop, who wou'd blame you?——they wou'd blame you rather perhaps, that since your commencing Doctor, you have not *ascended* to the Stage again.——You know, great Sir, there is a *Stage-Physical*, as well as *Theatrical*; and a Jack-Pudding is equally qualify'd for both;——in the former indeed he is always the principal Character; and there you must certainly have succeeded, tho' you fail'd in the latter.——

I shall now consider you in a Light you have ever been ambitious of being consider'd,——*viz.* That of a Scholar.——In this Respect, I shall, in the first Place, state your Pretensions; and in the next, claim my *Preeminence*:——Yes, as a *Scholar* I claim my Preeminence,——and I hope I am not so great a Disgrace to my Foster-Mother,

Mother, *Merchant-Tailors School*——but that I am incapable of making the Blunder, of which the Sequel is a faithful Narrative.——Once on a Time, that Prodigy of Genius and Learning, the universally-accomplish'd Mr. *Inspector*, was situated diametrically opposite to his adopted Son, the Lion of *Button's*;——and on perusing the Latin Motto :——

*Servantur magnis isti cervicibus ungues,
Non nisi delectâ pascitur ille fera.*

He made the following Remark. “ *Is't*
“ *not strange that Addison and Steele, MY*
“ *Predecessors, Men of such Genius, such*
“ *Taste, such classical Knowledge, cou'd be*
“ *capable of putting such bad Latin under*
“ *MY Lion!—but I shall give 'em a Wipe*
“ *for it next Week.*”——A grave Gentleman, who heard this Criticism, pluck'd him by the Sleeve, and said to him,——“ *Sir,*
“ *that bad Latin, which you have so con-*
“ *demn'd, and intend to wipe, did formerly be-*
“ *long to one Martial,—who says of himself—*

“ *Hic est quem legis, ille quem requiris,*
“ *Toto notus in orbe Martialis.*

“ Which literally translated runs thus :——
“ *This Man whom you read, and whom you*
B “ *are*

" *are inquisitive after, is known to all the*
 " *World——except Mr. INSPECTOR.*"——

I must own you gratefully thank'd the Gentleman for his Information; ingenuously confessing that you shou'd otherwise have expos'd yourself in Print—Ay, but say some of your Friends and Partizans, tho' WOODWARD has prov'd himself a *better Actor*, and a *better Scholar* than Dr. Hill, he is not so *fine* a Gentleman, or so *fine* a Writer. As a Gentleman, I own I do not intend to compare myself with you; for which, some People may think I have given Reasons enough already; if they do not, I believe, before I have done with you, they will think, that whoever has the Assurance to make that Comparison, ought never to have the Assurance to shew his Face more.——In blazoning out your Titles to this Character, Great Sir, I shall slightly pass over your Dress and Gallantries; your Simper and Leer from the Boxes;—your indolent Waddle along the *Mall*;—your cut-ear'd Bob;—your *November* Paduasoy;—your *Amandas*, *Daphnes* and *Chloes*.——Other Gentleman have had all these—and perhaps all of them before they fell to your Lot.—But, I will mention one Ingredient in the Character of a *fine Gentleman*, which no Man ever had but yourself.——Let me see——It is so rare, faith, I want a Name
 for

for it;——not but there is a Name——tho' I don't care to mention it:——It is then, great Sir, that *peculiar Quality* with which you have distinguish'd yourself so notably, and so often.——It is that, which Mr. *Rich*, in the Title-page of his civil Address to you, has been pleas'd to commemorate, when you thought proper to exercise this your singular Talent in a Controversy with him, whom you have now so much *Compassion* for. * ——This same Talent you have likewise exerted against a very honourable Gentleman; whose Name, tho' I will not mention it here, stands prefix'd to a Dedication, which, to *your immortal Honour*, has your Name at the End of it. || ——This Talent likewise, *great Sir*, you once thought proper to employ in the Service of Virtue tho' at the Expence, not only of your beloved Gallantry, but of a young Lady who was at that Time breaking her Heart for an unfortunate Accident; of which, she was innocently the Occasion.——Here indeed you afterwards paid the greatest Compliment

B 2

pliment

* See the famous Controversy concerning the Entertainment of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*:——Mr. *Rich*'s Answer to *John Hill* has this most remarkable Motto.——

Out of thine own Mouth will I condemn thee, thou wicked Liar.

|| See *Hill* upon the *Royal Society*: His Dedication to M—— F——, Esq;

pliment that could be paid to Truth, by giving the *Lie direct* to one of her greatest Enemies—I mean your worthy Self. How notably you exercised this illustrious Quality on a certain Occasion last Summer, I need not now repeat; the Affair is recent, and well known.—Nor shall I trouble you here, with the many Obligations, which you have laid *me* under, of this Kind; and which have occasion'd *you* as well as *me* this Trouble; and have oblig'd me (tho' averse, as I hope all my Friends will own, to this kind of Flattery) to set you forth as I have done in this Letter.—In this Light then of a *Gentleman*, I must beg, nay I must heartily beg, that there may be no Comparison between us.—But with your Character as a *Writer*, I am not so fearful of my own, as to decline engaging.—You have attempted in *my* Profession; permit me, dear Doctor, to try my Hand in *yours*.—I have met with some Success in the Characters of *Bobadil*, *Flash*, *Wittel*, the *Busy Body*, and *Mock Doctor*;—who knows but I may be favourably received in that of the *Inspector-General of Great-Britain*; it being the first Time, tho' perhaps not the last of my appearing in that Character?—

I N S P E C T O R.

 By Dr. *Bobathill*.

To be Continued.

As in præfenti.

V I R G I L.

EPICTE^TUS somewhere says, that a Man of Wit should rise early in a Morning; and *Aristotle* confirms this Opinion.—I do not pretend, and yet if I did pretend to that Character, the Public have given me sufficient Foundation for the Pretence.—I rose the other Morning early, and rang my Bell;—my Valet presently appear'd, and I order'd him to buckle my Shoes.—It is fit the Reader shou'd know that I have lately purchas'd a new pair of Buckles:—it is fit he shou'd know I bought 'em of Mr. *Deard*: I do not—I need not say, that *Deard* has since inform'd me, that he has sold several Dozen of the same;—the Desire of imitating a Man, whose Taste is fashionable, is natural: is common: I will add, is decent.—When I was dress'd, I stept into my Chariot, and bid my Foot-
man

man order my Coachman to drive me to the *Bedford*;—here I diverted myself till Dinner with some of the *Beaux-Esprits* of the Age.—At Seven I retir'd from Champaigne and toasting the Lady—to a Box at *Drury-Lane*—I don't name the Lady: I will not name her—the World without my naming her will guess: I am not asham'd they shou'd;—the Lady is not asham'd.—Between dozing and chattering to three or four Women of Fashion, I *whiled* away the idle Hours till ten: —Idleness is the Privilege of Business; few know this, and fewer know the Reason of it; but I know both; tho' I will tell neither. At a Rout I finish'd the Evening, where Brag and Fortune depriv'd me of fifty Guineas:—I lost them with Unconcern; I have fifty more at Home.—At One I return'd to *my own House*, in *my own Chariot*, drawn by *my own Horses*, driven by *my own Coachman*, attended by *my own Footman*:—Such Circumstances in some Histories are immaterial; in mine they are otherwise. The Public desires to know every particular of my Life; they have oblig'd me: and shall be oblig'd: they are my Readers: I am their humble Servant.—One Servant knock'd at my Door: a *second* open'd it: and a *third* lighted me up Stairs.—Above, I found the charming

charming *Amanda*; under that Name I shall disguise a Woman of the highest Quality; for there is an Indelicacy in discovering too much, as there is in the Nature of Man a Delight inconceivable in displaying the amiably decent: the elegantly lovely. In those Pictures of *Venus*, where there is the something undisclos'd to the Eye; something which I will not express—this something engages the sagacious and discerning Faculties of the Mind in the most agreeable Pursuit.—This, to one of my idle Disposition, gives more Delight than I have received from an accurate Survey of all the Works of *Phydias* and *Praxiteles*—In the Arms then of *Amanda*, a Lady as I before hinted: I hint it again: of great Quality: *I fell fast asleep*.——Towards the Morning, as I apprehend, I was visited by one of those Dreams, or Visions, for which *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Epicletus*, *Cicero*, *Seneca* and an hundred other ancient Authors whose Names I have heard of: may, for any Thing I know to the contrary, have endeavour'd to account.——I was at Breakfast (*in my Sleep*) when my Valet brought me a dozen Cards, with Invitations to Dinners, Suppers, Routs, Riots and Drums.——I receiv'd 'em: I will attend 'em. I have lately been in few Companies in higher Life, (*in my Sleep I mean*) where Fiddling was not the Subject

Subject of Conversation.—I am no Fiddler, yet can I fiddle:—WOODWARD cannot say I am a Fiddler:—KENNEDY cannot say I cannot fiddle.——WOODWARD perhaps will say (*for I know not what he will say*) that my higher life Company must have been Fiddlers.——I am prepar'd to hear it: I shall be prepar'd to revenge it.——I can write as well as I can fiddle: and kick as well as I can write.——If WOODWARD was as good a Scholar as myself, he wou'd know *I have kick'd*——for one must go thro' the *Active*;——before one can come at the *Passive*.——Every Boy at School knows this——

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni,

*The Voice of the Town was with the Kicker, B
The Voice of the Inspector was with him that
was kick'd.*——

Thus, dear Doctor, could I run on (if I had as little Regard to my Readers as you have) and get my Seven Shillings *per* Paper, with as little Interruption to my Pleasures as you, or any polite Writer of them all.——Ay, but still, say your Friends (*for a shrew'd, sensible Set of People they are*) Dr. Hill is a Physician!——How can Woodward counter-balance That?——Why, I answer——

I am a Physician.—'Tis allow'd that you call yourself, and are call'd, DOCTOR; but what Degrees you took, unless those which I have taken in the *Mock Doctor*, the World, as well as myself, is a Stranger to.—Our *Title*, therefore, being the same, let us not quarrel about our *Skill* and *Practice*, as I believe we shall neither of us have any Opportunity to put them to the Trial.

I have hitherto shewn your *Inspectorship* how far I am your *Superior*, and in what I am your equal; I shall now do you a reciprocal Piece of Justice (an Instance of my *Increase of Modesty*) and acquaint the World how greatly, in *some Respects*, you are mine.

Imprimis then, I submit to you in the Articles of Valour, Magnanimity, and (notwithstanding my *Increase*) of *Modesty*. An Instance of all three we have from no worse Evidence than yourself (See *Mario Inspector*, N^o;) There you tell us how you gloriously triumph'd over a certain Adversary in the *Piazzas*, who is; and (so great is your Modesty) ever will be a Secret.

IT is Pity, methinks, but so rare a Character was known; for a very rare Character,

ter, indeed, his must be, who cou'd fall a Sacrifice to that *fore* Valour which has not yet recover'd, and scarce ever will recover, from those deadly Wounds it receiv'd last Summer, of which so many Gentlemen were Spectators, tho' you yourself, great Sir, had the matchless Resolution to deny them.—

I also give up to you all Pretensions to Rivalship in that excellent Quality of *Invention*: I mean it in the full Extent of that Word.—You have invented a Civil War, which neither the Genius of *Pompey* or *Cæsar* ever thought of;——a Civil War, great Sir, with yourself, the only Adversary that I believe you will henceforth have either with a Pen or a Sword *.——But oh beware!—for I will once give you Advice:—Beware *that Instrument*, which often supplies the Place of both these;——*that Instrument*, which makes the Body feel when the
the

* The ingenious *Inspector*, that he might not be without an Adversary, lay'd violent Hands on Dr. *Hill*, in a Paper call'd the *Impertinent*;——the Story is remarkable, and may be seen at large in the monthly Magazine for last *August*.—Many other Instances of this literary Conflict with himself might be given; to say Truth, most of the Writing in which he has ever been mention'd, either by Way of *Panegyric*, or otherwise, have come from one and the same Hand.——

the Honour is insensible;———*that Instrument* which all that Philosophy, which has nobly overcome the Fear of Shame, cannot guard us against;———that great Enemy to Wit like yours, and to Bravery like yours, which, like Death, knows no Distinction; but being once rais'd up, falls alike on every Head; on those which have Brains, and those which have none; on the *Bob-Perriwig* and the *Full-Bottom*; on the *Doctor* and on the *Apothecary*; on the *Author* and on the *Player*; on him that *gathers Herbs*, and on him that *steals 'em*; on the *Wit*, and on the *Critic*; on the *Politician*, and on the *Theologist*; on the *Inspector*, and on the *Detraitor*;———on him who hires his Coach by the Day, and lets out his Pen by the Year;———*that Instrument*, from which not all the Shapes *You* or *Proteus* can disguise yourselves in, can defend you;———*that Instrument*, in short, which your quicker Sensations will doubtless acknowledge, and which I only, as yet, can faintly imagine.———

AND now, my very good Brother, as we have been *Doctors* in jest, and *Players* in good earnest, I will endeavour to stamp this Advice on your Mind, by wrapping it up in two Verses, which I shall a little alter from

(20)

Macbeth, taking the same Liberty with
Shakespear, which you have taken with the
Classic Authors in your Mottos,

*Beware, Jack Hill, the Cudgel, Kick, and
Cuff;*
Avoiding these, Jack Hill is safe enough.

Good Night, good Doctor :

*And now to Supper with what Appetite
you may.*

HEN. WOODWARD.

POSTSCRIPT.

P O S T S C R I P T.

I cannot help felicitating you in the new Office, which you appear to have obtain'd by your Paper of last *Thursday*; I mean that of *Trumpeter* to the *new Company*, lately arrived from *France*.—In the Speech which you have made on that Occasion, you have out-done all your Brother *Trumpeters* that ever puff'd in the Fairs of *Bartholomew* or *Southwark*.

WHAT the Performance of your *Masters* will be, I cannot say; but of *your* Performance, I can truly affirm, it was *great*, it was *excellent*, it was *astonishing*.——

BUT why so severe, my Friend, on the *lower Actors*? Why, send them to *Nova Scotia*?—May not a Man, who has been hiss'd upon the Stage as an *Actor*, be able some other Way to become eminent?—*You know he may, Sir*.——Alas!--had this Method of *transporting* bad Players been instituted but a few Years ago, would not this nation have lost one of the *highest* and *most finish'd* Characters that ever was inspected in it?—*You know it wou'd, Sir*.

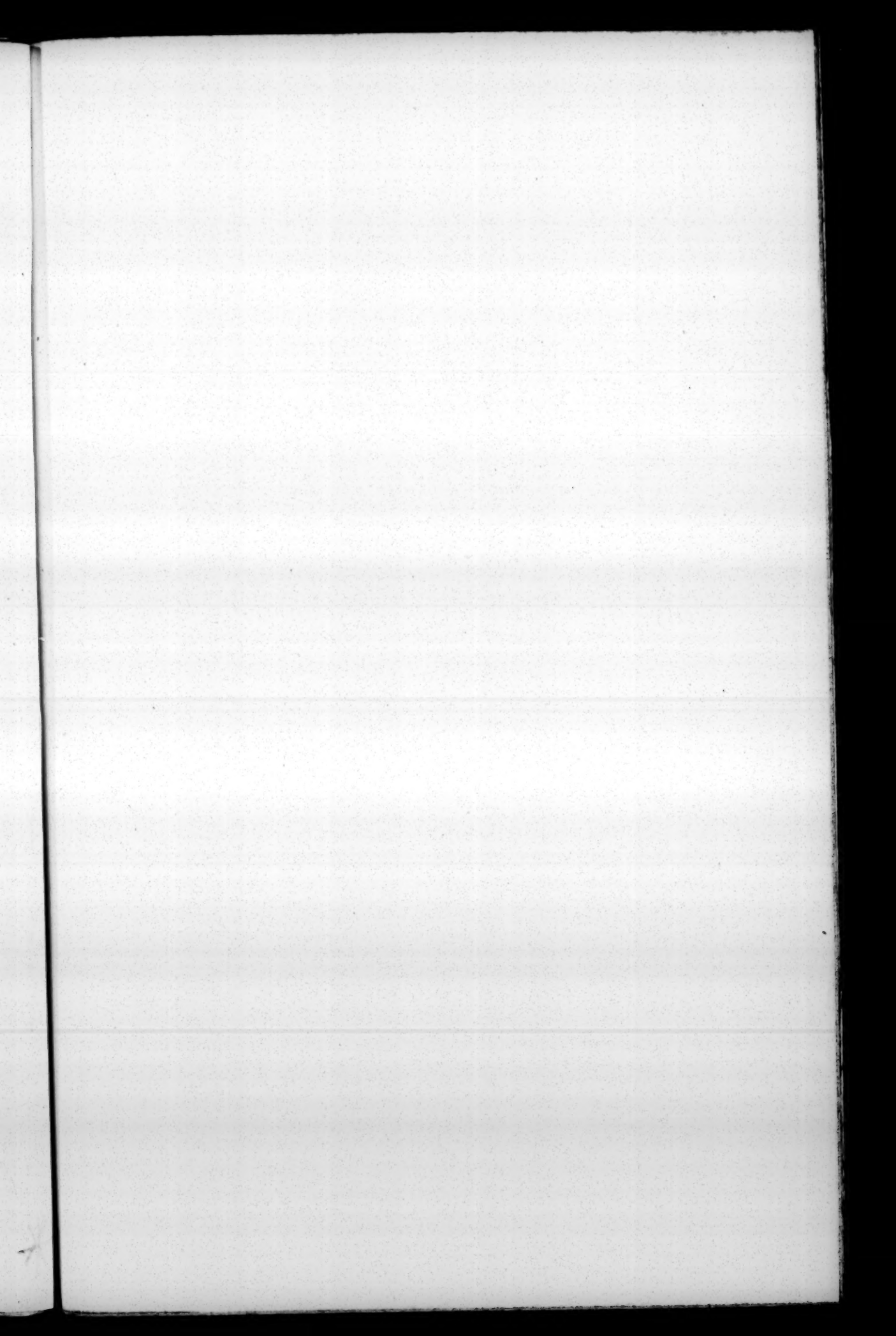
I WILL not dispute whether a *Dog*, a *Monkey*, or a *Hare*, may act the Part of a *Hero*, the *Gentleman*, &c. equal with some who have *attempted* those Characters on the Stage:
——But

(22)

—But this I am sure of, that a HARE is equally capable of acting the *Hero*, a MONKEY the *fine Gentleman*, and a DOG the *Doctor*, with some,—at least, with *one* who has in real Life *attempted* to unite in himself *all those Characters*.

F I N I S.





—
S
—